

Warning-piece to *England*, against Pride and Wickedness, being the Fall of *Queen Eleanor*, Wife to *Edward the First*, King of *England*; who for her Pride and G O D's Judgments, sunk into the Ground at *Charing-cross*, and rose at *Queen-hill*.
To the Tune of, *Gentle and Courteous*.



When Edward was in England King, Both Man and Child both Maid and Wife,
The First of all that name, were hewn'd in Pyre of Spain,
Proud Eleanor he made his Queen, And thought the Spanish Taylors then
a stately Spanish Dame: our English Men to stain:
Whole wretched Life and sinful Pride, Whereat the Queen did much dispite,
through England did ere I, to see our English Men
To saintly Dames and gallant Maids, In Measures clad, as brave to see
this Queen was known full well: as any Spaniard they.

She was the first that in Invent in Coaches brake to ride,
He was the first that brought this Land to ready Sin of Pride:
No English Taylor here to be to make her rich attire,
But sent for Taylors into Spain, to feed her vain desire.

She crad the King, That every man that wore long Locks of Hair,
Might then be cut and polled all, or shav'd very near.
Whereat the King did seem content, and soon thereto agreed,
And first commanded that his own should then be cut with speed.

He sent for burning Irons straight, all sparkling hot to see,
And said, "O Que n, come on thy way, I will be in with thee.
Which words did much displease the Queen, that Penance to begin,
But ask'd the Pardon on her knees, who gave her Grace therein.

They brought in fashions strange and new, And after that, to please his Queen,
with Golden Garments bright, proclaimed through the Land,
The Farthingale and mighty Ruff, That every Man that wore long Hair,
with Crowns of rich Delight: should put him out of hand:
For London Dames in Spanish Paste, But yet this Spaniard not content,
did flourish every-where; to Woman bore a spite,
Our English Men like Woman then; And then requested of the King,
did wear long Locks of Hair, against all Law and Right,

But afterwards he chanc'd to pass along by London Wells,
Whereas the Mayor of London's Wife, in stately Coat she sits;
With Musick, Mirth and Melody, unto the Church they went,
To give God Thanks that to th' A. Mayor a noble Son had sent.

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When Edward was in England King, Both Man and Child both Maid and Wife,
The First of all that name, were hewn'd in Pyre of Spain,
Proud Eleanor he made his Queen, And thought the Spanish Taylors then
a stately Spanish Dame: our English Men to stain:
Whole wretched Life and sinful Pride, Whereat the Queen did much dispite,
through England did ere I, to see our English Men
To dainty Dames and gallant Maids, In Measures clad, as brave to see
this Queen was known full well: as any Spaniard they.

She was the first that to invent, That every Womankind should have
in Coaches brave to ride, their right Bread cut a way,
She was the first that brought this Land, And then with burning Irons tear'd,
to ready Sin of Pride: the blood to stanch and stop!
No English Taylor here to be, King Edward then perceiving well,
to make her rich attire, her spite to Womankind,
But sent for Taylors into Spain, Debil'd soon by policy,
to feed her vain desire, and turn'd her bloody misdeed,

She crav'd the King, That every man, He sent for burning Irons straight,
that wore long Locks of Hair, all sparkling hot to see,
Might then be cut and polled all, And bid, "O Queen, come on thy way,
or shav'd very near. I will be in with thee
Whereat the King did seem content, Which would do much displease the Queen,
and soon thereto agreed, that Penance to begin,
And first commanded that his own But aske the Pardon on her knees,
Locks then be cut with speed, who gave her Grace therein.

They brought in fashions strange and new, But afterwards she chanc'd to pass
with Golden Garments bright, along by London streets,
The Parthingale and mighty Ruff, Whereas the Mayor of London's Wife,
with Crowns of rich Delight; in stately sort she met;
For London Dames in Spanish Paste, With Musick, Mirth and Melody,
did flourish every-where, unto the Church they went,
Our English Men like Woman then; To give God Thanks that to th' A. Mayor
did wear long Locks of Hair, a noble Son had sent.

It grieved much this spiteful Queen,
to see that any one,
Should so exceed in Mirth and Joy,
except herself alone ;
For which she after this befall,
within her bloody mind,
And pallas'd still most secretly,
to kill this Lady kind :

Unto the Mayor of London then,
she sent her Letters straight,
To send his Lady to the Court,
upon her Grace to wait ;
But when the London Lady came
before proud Elenor's face,
She stript her from her rich Array,
and kept her vile and base.

She sent her into Wales with speed,
and kept her secret there,
And us'd her still most cruelly,
that ever Man did hear :
She made her wash, she made her scorch,
she made her budge alway,
She made her nurse up Children small,
and labour night and day.

But this contented not the Queen,
but she w'd her most despite,
She bound this Lady to a Post,
at twelve a clock at Night ;
And as poor Lady she stood bound,
the Queen in angry mood,
Did set two Snakes unto her Breast,
that suckt away her blood.

Thus dyed the Mayor of London's Wife,
most grievous for to hear,
Which made the Spaniard grow more proud,
as after shall appear :
The Wheat that daily made her Bread,
was bolted twenty times,
The Food that fed this stately Dame,
was boyl'd in costly Wines ;

The Water that did spring from Ground,
she would not touch at all,
But waht her hands with Dew of Heaven,
that on sweet Roses fall ;

She bath'd her many a time,
in Fount ins fill'd with Milk,
And every day to change attire,
in costly Median Silk.

But coming then to London back,
within her Coach of Gold,
A Tempest strange within the Skies,
this Queen did there behold ;
Out of which Storm she could not go,
but there remain'd a space,
Four Horses could not stir the Coach
a foot out of the place.

A Judgement lately sent from Heaven,
for shedding guiltless Blood,
Upon this sinful Queen, that slew
the London Lady good :
King Edward then, as Custom will'd,
accus'd her of that Deed ;
But she deny'd, and wisht that God
would send his Wrath with speed,

If that upon so vile a thing,
her heart did ever think,
She wisht the Ground might open wide
and she therein might sink ;
With that, at Charing-cross she sunk
into the Ground alive,
And after rose with Life again,
in London, at Queen-hith.

When after that she languisht long
full twenty days in pain,
At last confest the Lady's Blood,
her guilty hand had slain ;
And likewise how that by a Fryar,
she had a base-born Child,
Whose sinful Lusts and Wickedness,
her Marriage-bed defil'd,

Thus have you heard the Fall of P. Q.
a just Reward of Sin,
For those that will forswear themselves,
God's vengeance daily win ;
Beware of Pride, ye Courtly Dames,
with Willes and Maidens all,
Beware this imprinted in your mind,
That PRIDE must have a Fall.

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